EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

SAUL BELLOW'S "SEIZE THE DAY": Reviewed by Herbert Gold

THE Nation

NOVEMBER 17, 1956
20c

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

Power Gamble in the Middle East

Report from Washington

New Faces for '57

Portraits of Senate Winners

The Roof Fell In

Election Night in New York

by Dan Wakefield

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Stout-Hearted Virginian

Dear Sirs: Spit In the Devil's Eye (October 29 issue) was a truly heart-warming story of a stout-hearted woman. Sarah Patton Boyle is well known to most Virginians, for she has been involved for some time in the cause which she so adequately terms as "acceptance of colored citizens."

Many of us here in the state have had the opportunity to see or read of Mrs. Boyle in action — whether she is admonishing a group of cross-burners for soiling her lawn or whether she is making a talk before some group on behalf of desegregation. But never have we had the opportunity to know as we did in Spit In the Devil's Eye what made this little woman tick. It is good to see that her motives are firmly rooted in her Christian view of life: a view which proceeds from the tenet that no people may be rejected as a people, for in Christ there can be neither Jew nor Greek, but all are one.

Mrs. Boyle has served as an ever-present prick to the consciences of a good many Virginians. Thank God for such a sane and spirited prick!

DAVID McDANIEL SIMMS
Episcopal Theological Seminary
Alexandria, Virginia

Balogh on Gardner

Dear Sirs: I have recently returned from several years of professional work in England where I was in some touch with Anglo-American economic affairs. My attention has been drawn to Mr. Balogh's review of Richard Gardner's *Sterling-Dollar Diplomacy* in your issue of September 22.

Not only is this review imprecise in points of detail — Mr. Gardner speaks of Richard Stokes and not "G. M. Stokes," he speaks of men "influenced" and not "tainted" by certain Marxist writings — but it gives an utterly distorted picture of the book as a whole. The latter has been highly praised in the most varied political quarters and bears the double endorsement of Professor Harrod's preface and the imprint of what is perhaps the world's most exacting academic press.

But whatever Mr. Balogh's opinions of the book itself, there is not the faintest warrant for his accusation of "McCarthyism". This is not the kind of charge which personal pique or whatever other motive should provoke a responsible reviewer to hurl or a serious journal to print. Anyone who will take the trouble to read the book will recognize how ridiculous it is and how different Mr. Balogh's tone is from that of the work he is attacking.

GEORGE STEINER
The Institute for Advanced Studies
Princeton, N. J.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Steiner uses a misprint to confuse the issue. Mr. Stokes' name is Richard but as Mr. Steiner well knows he is a Right Wing Catholic Labor M. P. whose description as a Leftist by Mr. Gardner (p. 226) would be ridiculous if it were not malevolently tendentious. Why should Mr. Gardner gratuitously and wrongly accuse Professor Cole and Mr. E. H. Carr of Marxist-Leninist "influence" if he did not wish to accuse them of Marxist taint? Mr. Gardner's studied neglect of the purely ecoonomic arguments against the policy pursued is equally familiar in the technique of Mr. McCarthy. There were a great number of people who could not be accused of Marxist-Leninist influences who were opposed to Bretton Woods. Mr. Harrod's testimony is hardly surprising. Mr. Gardner supports his pet ideas, which have been questioned by many friends of Keynes.

T. BALOGH
Oxford, England

Copies To Donate

Dear Sirs: I have on hand an almost complete file of *The Nation* from 1952 to the present. Unfortunately, space limitations are forcing me to dispose of them. I would very much like to donate them to some library (preferably school library) either here or abroad. I would appreciate learning of some institution interested in obtaining this material.

M. LUTZKER
41-41 43*rd St.*
Long Island City 4, *N. Y.*

NEXT WEEK

Louis Bean
On The Elections

The best of the political "pulse-takers," who has spent many years studying vote statistics and the mind of the voter who makes them, analyses the Eisenhower landslide, the Democratic Victory in Congress and the new distribution of political power reflected in the election results.

Be sure to read next week's issue of *The Nation.*

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

421

ARTICLES

422 ● Power Gamble in the Middle East

423 ● New Faces for '57:
Church of Idaho, by LES FISHMAN; Javits of New York, by NOEL E. PARMENTEL, Jr.; Lausche of Ohio, by RICHARD L. MAHER; Clark of Pennsylvania, by DAVID WESLEY; Cooper and Morton of Kentucky, by RICHARD HARWOOD; Carroll of Colorado, by HAROLD V. KNIGHT

429 ● The Night the Roof Fell In
by DAN WAKEFIELD

431 ● Free, White and Voteless
by CONSTANCE McLAUGHLIN GREEN

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

434 ● Evolution of Our Language
by WALTER ALLEN

435 ● The Discovered Self
by HERBERT GOLD

436 ● Nehru Between Two Worlds
by ANDREWS A. FREEMAN

437 ● Television
by ANNE W. LANGMAN

439 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN and ROBERT HATCH

440 ● Music
by B. H. HAGGIN

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 440)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Freda Kirchwey, Editorial Contributor
J. A. del Vayo, European Correspondent

Harold Clurman, Theatre
B. H. Haggin, Music
Anne W. Langman, Television
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Keith Hutchison, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson.

The Nation, Nov. 17, 1956, Vol. 183, No. 20

The Nation, published weekly by The Nation Company and copyright 1956 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $7, Two years $12, Three years $17. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1956
VOLUME 183, NUMBER 20

THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Editorials

Hidden Greatness

To the surprise of no one — even the professional pollsters were exactly on the beam this time — the President scored a stunning victory. Probably no man, regardless of what type of campaign he had conducted, could have beaten Mr. Eisenhower, particularly in an election conducted in an atmosphere of rising international tension. *The Nation* stated and still believes that the Democrats nominated their best candidates.

But having said this, we believe that it will be for his 1952 campaign that Mr. Stevenson will be remembered, rather than for the one just ended. In 1952 Mr. Stevenson aroused our enthusiasm. We still remember his speech to the American Legion in New York with unqualified exaltation. But this year he was different. We cannot agree with Mr. Truman's evaluation that this year's campaign was "much better." It seemed to us that in taking the advice of the "pros," Mr. Stevenson lost much of his greatness. He seemed intent on deliberately, almost perversely, appearing less intelligent than he is. The failure to meet the civil-rights issue head-on, the effort to capitalize on the discontent among farmers and small business men (which apparently didn't exist) while at the same time offering them only a shopworn program and slogans, reflected a Stevenson determined to buy votes rather than sell ideas. Compared to 1952, this was a campaign without imagination, without conviction, without spirit, and most of all, without idealism. The H-bomb issue was an exception, yet even here Mr. Stevenson failed to carry the argument to its ultimate and logical conclusion: the necessity for ending the cold war on all fronts. Many voters cast their ballots for him on the assumption, formed four years earlier, that he is a lot better than he chose to appear.

The overwhelming result of the Presidential contest must not blind us to the resurgent strength of the liberalism within the Democratic Party. Even the spectacularly popular President could not carry with him his party's outdated dogmas. Liberal Democrats won, despite the Presidential landslide, in enough contests to assure their party's control of both chambers of the legislature.

In our opinion the President is quite wrong in labeling the Republican Party, as now constituted, "the party of the future." The Democrats have the talented and energetic young leadership necessary to be the dominant force in American politics in the years ahead. Kennedy, Williams, Clark, Morse, Kefauver and countless others are bright prospects to pick up the mantle which Mr. Stevenson will put aside.

It is our hope that the next Democratic candidate for the most powerful office in the world will model his campaign on the Stevenson of 1952 rather than the one of 1956. Stevenson was always better than the "pros"; we are certain that the next Democratic candidate will likewise be. There is never any need to be ashamed of brains or to attempt to hide them. Nor is it ever necessary to apologize for ideals.

Mr. Stevenson's gracious farewell caught for a moment the flavor of his 1952 battle. In the end, he couldn't hide his greatness, and we can only wish that he had never been persuaded to try.

The Rewards of Heresy

As part of the Twenty-first Annual Convention of the National Council of Negro Women, which will be held in Washington, D. C., on November 17, Mrs. Sarah Patton Boyle of Charlottesville, Virginia, will receive a citation for outstanding work in the field of race relations. It goes without saying that *The Nation* is delighted to learn that Mrs. Boyle, whose article, Spit in the Devil's Eye, appeared in our issue of October 20, has discovered that heresy has its own rewards. As a publication which now and then encourages heresy, we, too, have our rewards. About the nicest we have received lately is a letter from Mrs. Boyle, from which we quote with her permission. "You may be interested in knowing that the mail I have received on Spit in the Devil's Eye has made me feel reintegrated into the human family. I've received over thirty letters so far and they are still coming in. 'Silent friends,' unknown friends are speaking to me from all over the nation. From the North, from the West Coast and many, many from white people in the deep South, letters of appreciation and reassurance have come in. I shall answer each with my whole heart, as though it were the only one I received, for each was written that way and each was very important to me, filling in all cases some special need which the others did not fill. . . ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Power Gamble in the Middle East

Washington

AS THIS is written, Britain and the United Nations are moving towards a new collision over the Middle East. While they agreed last week to establish a U.N. police force for Egypt, there is a tacit but deep difference between them.

Britain accepted the plan in the belief that the U.N. military units are to assume *control* of the Suez Canal. However, the United Nations concept is that its forces shall be assigned only to *protect* the canal against aggression and against continued disruption of traffic.

When Sir Anthony Eden and his cabinet made their adventurous decision to invade Egypt together with the French, their principal aim was to wrest from Egyptian President Nasser the mastery of the canal. In reluctantly acquiescing to hand over the reins to the United Nations, the British rulers assumed the world organization would do the job for them and restore international control of the waterway. But indications are that the U.N. will leave the canal in Nasser's hands.

The prevailing estimate in Washington is that Western Europe is at this hour suffering the worst loss of face since the Word War ended. Anglo-French aims in Egypt have been plain. Britain was intent on regaining control of the canal; the French, if possible even more than the British, were dedicated to throwing Nasser out of power. After all, had not the Egyptian Chief of State smuggled arms to France's arch-foe, the Algerian nationalists, who are pinning down some half-million French soldiers? Nasser is the spiritus rector of the anti-Western movement among Arabs.

The extent of the British and French humiliation is apparent when one realizes that neither has accomplished the real aim of the ambitious undertaking against Egypt. They have accepted a cease-fire with their purpose unfulfilled. From the American viewpoint it is better thus; our main concern is not to uphold the prestige of empire.

Why did the Anglo-French drop their enterprise after going to such lengths? Why did they suddenly become frightened of their own "courage?" Here are the reasons:

1. Their action resulted in an alarming deterioration of Anglo-French relations with America.

2. They found themselves in a pitiful 4-to-65 minority in the United Nations Assembly.

3. The French, much more than the British, were gravely disquieted by the notes from the Kremlin indicating possible Soviet armed intercession in the Middle East and the consequent risk of world war. This was paralleled by Moscow's charges that under United States auspices Austria was used to support the anti-Soviet revolt in Hungary. (West European intelligence services received undisclosed information of a disturbing character, suggesting the possibility of Soviet armed action.)

4. British and French saw that their stroke against Egypt had endangered their Middle East oil resources. The Iraq-Lebanon pipeline was thrown out of commission by sabotage in Syria.

5. Finally, popular dismay and anger were being directed with increasing ferocity against Prime Minister Eden at home.

Amid these turbulent events, the British and French were kindling more Arab resentment, storing up bitterness for years ahead. Just before his serious illness, Secretary Dulles told friends there was reason to believe in collusion among the British, French and Israeli in preparing their moves against Egypt. Dulles was not alone in holding this belief. An Arab ambassador in Washington remarked: "Now we know that Britain and France relied on Israel for help against the Arabs. We shall not forget that."

As Middle East official experts in Washington see it, however, the overriding damage which was wrought is this: Britain and France, nominally still major powers, have retreated after leaving the impression of being unable to impose their will even on so small and weak a state as Egypt. It is this, rather than the moral degradation involved, which has caused the blackest anxiety among diplomats here.

The cynicism of it all has come to full fruition in the evolution of the Eisenhower Administration's attitude. Washington's first reflex was boiling wrath. The President was furious; Dulles was outraged; State Department officials vowed it would be years before we would again trust Britain and France.

Combined efforts of Dwight Eisenhower and the United Nations failed to halt the Franco-British assault or the Israeli incursion into Egypt. Having discovered that it was too late to stop the ominous moves, the feeling inside the Administration seemed to have changed abruptly. The impression in London and Paris now was that the American government wanted them to finish the job swiftly. The implication conveyed to Britain and France was: "Now that you've moved in, take over the Suez Canal, overthrow Nasser as you intended, but get it over quickly and the harm will be less. It may even be possible to salvage a net gain."

Meanwhile, the United States made two pronouncements which extended our protection to Britain and France. One was the White House statement warning Rusia that America would oppose Soviet armed forces if they intervened in Egypt. The other was a State Department declaration, in effect telling Moscow that any violation of Austrian neutrality would be a *casus belli*.

However, the British and French, instead of hurrying, moved slowly. There was an inexplicable delay of several days before the Anglo-French landings at Port Said. One version suggests this was due to last-minute differences between Britain and France on military tactics.

Instead of rescuing Britain and France from their folly, the United States was tending to become associated with it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW FACES FOR '57

[Here are sketches of men newly elected to the U. S. Senate. With one or two exceptions, their victories tend to confirm the thesis that whatever else may have been buried in the Presidential landslide, liberalism has survived.

One of our great regrets is that the name of Richard Richards, who lost a valiant fight to Senator Kuchel in California, could not be included in this list. But even in defeat the Richards fight was significants: he lost by a scant quarter-million votes in a state which went for Eisenhower by 700,000 votes. — Ed.]

CHURCH of Idaho

by Les Fishman

Pocatello, Idaho

FRANK CHURCH, a moderate Democrat, swept into the U. S. Senate from Idaho along with the Eisenhower landslide by a majority of 45,000 votes (Eisenhower's majority was only 60,000) and established himself as the outstanding political personality of the state at the age of thirty-two.

Church, who will be the youngest Senator now serving, conducted a careful campaign which stressed moderation. In its closing days, he went so far as to pledge support to Eisenhower in the international crisis, refusing to comment on Stevenson's stand on H-bomb tests. The candidate and his advisors anticipated that Eisenhower would repeat his 1952 victory in the state and stressed their support of the "bipartisan" foreign policy. They tailored their campaign to defeat Herman Welker, who was characterized by Paul Hoffman as one of the McCarthy "unappeasables" who "have little place in the new Republican Party." Welker was a vulnerable target. He had done little, if anything, for Idaho's economic development (his support of such measures as the tidelands-oil giveaway was widely interpreted in both parties as a vote against Idaho's development). His absenteeism had received wide publicity; his overbearing attitude toward even Republican constituents had antagonized many in his own party; his McCarthyism had inflamed labor and liberals.

Church took as his main theme the great common denominator of the entire region: economic development. To the farmers, he stressed their plight of higher and higher costs in the face of shrinking farm income and lower crop prices (particularly potato prices); to the small business men, he stressed the increase in business bankruptcies in the face of an ever-tightening money market; to the workingman, he stressed the need to pass "legitimate" Taft-Hartley amendments in the face of threatening "right-to-work" state legislation; to the general public, he presented himself as an eager young man, a good husband and father, ready to work hard for Idaho's future, for better schools and higher old-age pensions.

Early in the campaign Welker accused Church of receiving funds from outside "pinks and punks" (The National Committee for an Effective Congress). The "accidental" release of Welker's fund sources revealed his own receipt of some $88,000 (compared to Church's $34,000), almost all of which came from out-of-state sources—particularly oil-and natural-gas funds (Cullen of Texas and the Pews of Pennsylvania were among his supporters). Moreover, Welker paid out over $12,000 to a professional fund-raiser from California, and nothing makes an Idahoan so mad as spending money out of the state.

Welker's red smear was easily combatted by Church. Former Senator Glen Taylor, who had disputed Church's very close primary victory, ran on a write-in basis and accused Church of being a tool of the "Boise Corporation gang"; Welker, on the other hand, accused Church of being a tool of the "pinkos." Church was in an ideal position to take advantage of the revolt of the moderates; he made the most of it.

At Stanford, where Church got his law degree, he won the Joffre debate medal. He married into the politically influential Clark family; his father-in-law, Chase A. Clark, a former governor of Idaho, has been a federal judge since 1943.

Barzilla Worth Clark, a brother of Chase, was also governor of Idaho. D. Worth Clark, a nephew, was a Congressman and a U. S. Senator. The present governor, a "modern" Republican, Robert Smylie, is also related by marriage to the Clarks. Church himself is a member of the Boise law firm of Langroise, Clark and Sullivan, one of the most prominent law firms in Idaho.

At thirty-two, Church has made the most of his political opportunities. With the Morse and Magnuson victories in neighboring states, the entire Eisenhower-McKay national-resource policy will undergo searching revisions—especially on the issue of public power.

On international questions, Church's forthright support of the United Nations will be combined with a recognition of the Rocky Mountain isolationism for which Borah is so famous. For example, in the campaign Church strongly supported "the point four program in place of massive foreign aid." On civil liberties, when pushed by Taylor in the primaries, he adopted a strong liberal position.

Church is a political natural; he is sincere, bright, hard-working and able. He is almost the epitome of the All-American boy.

LES FISHMAN has written extensively on Idaho politics.

JAVITS of New York

by Noel E. Parmentel, Jr.

New York

THE Honorable Jacob Koppel Javits has scored a smashing upset victory over New York Mayor Robert F. Wagner, Jr., to succeed Herbert Lehman as the Empire State's junior United States Senator.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Although he trailed the President by well over a million votes, his victory must be counted as a personal triumph in view of the mayor's immense popularity and of the heavy Jewish vote in New York, most of which was completely alienated by the President's, and Javits', strong stand against the Israeli-British-French invasion of Egypt.

The Jack Javits story is almost Horatio Alger as it might be written by Mike Gold. During the campaign it was stressed that Javits was born of poor, but honest immigrant parents on New York City's Lower East Side, the principal ghetto of this sprawling city. People who knew him when recall him as a bright, hard-working boy driven by ambition and curiosity. He worked his way through Columbia University and New York University Law School. Deceptively young, the energetic Javits has been practicing law for upwards of thirty years, gaining a reputation as a bright, slick spokesman for trade associations, chiefly those of small business men.

While Javits' economic prosperity and social climbing raised many an eyebrow among his boyhood friends from *schule,* it brought him powerful allies and even a bride who was heiress to the Ringling Brothers circus fortune. This union ended in divorce and Javits remarried. He is now the father of three children. Curiously, his divorce seems not to have hurt him in New York state politics, even among such conjugally conservative elements as Jews, Irish Catholics and upstate Protestants. Like so many bright, articulate liberals in New York, who found themselves disinherited by the Tammany Hall of Jimmie Walker and the Republican heirs of Mark Hanna, Javits got his start in the City Fusion Party of New York City's late Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, for whom he acted as advisor in the period just before World War II. In 1946 he was elected, as a Republican, to Congress from Manhattan's strongly Democratic Washington Heights district. This was a victory for Jack Javits, rather than for the Republican Party. He was aided by a general Republican upsurge and by a militantly pro-Zionist stand in a heavily Jewish district. But it must be emphasized that Javits was probably the only Republican who could have carried the district.

Javits served five terms in the House and compiled a record as an able, intelligent and hard-working Congressman. In 1954, when U. S. Senator Irving Ives ran unsuccessfully for governor against Averell Harriman, Javits was prevailed upon to run as attorney-general to strengthen the ticket in what proved to be a bad year for Republican hopes in New York. With the phenomenal luck that has characterized his career, Javits emerged as the only Republican to win statewide victory in spite of the fact that his opponent had the supposedly politically magic name of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.

Making a generally good record as attorney-general, it seemed obvious that he would be the Republican choice to try to succeed the venerable and respected Herbert Lehman for the Senate in 1956. Everything was merrily rolling along towards this point until Jay G. Sourwine, then conducting a sluggish and ineffective campaign against Senator Alan Bible for the Democratic Senatorial nomination from Nevada, sought to enliven his cause with a little free publicity. Sourwine, who had been counsel for one of the Senate's witch-hunting committees, charged that the New York attorney-general was pro-Communist. Silly as the charge was, it placed the chargee in the role of defendant and required—considering the times—a public skirt-cleaning and breast-baring. Javits' performance before such road company Vestal Virgins as James Eastland, William Jenner and Robert Morris has seldom been exceeded in general bathos and patrioteering. While his groveling before Eastland disgusted many of his supporters, it did serve to convince voters of the Know-Nothing persuasion that perhaps he was not as black as he had been painted and might even be a "good security risk."

Javits

While his committee appearance disillusioned some of his friends, it bore out the opinion of observers who thought Javits a Nixon type who would grab whatever side of an issue seemed handy.

At any rate, the Republicans named Javits as their standard bearer and he conducted his usual effective campaign. He was, of course, aided by the tremendous popularity of President Eisenhower in New York. In addition, he confounded his detractors by forthrightly condemning the aggression against Egypt. A few cynics maintained, however, that this was the Dulles line and he was stuck with it. In regard to this, one amusing aspect of the campaign came when Javits blossomed forth as the poor man's Eisenhower. Recalling the President's 1952 promise concerning Korea, Javits said, "If elected, I will go to Israel."

His stand on the Middle East threatened defeat. But Eisenhower carried him to victory. Now, with only the doddering Irving Ives for competition, Javits can be expected to become the principal spokesman for the nation's largest state. He can be counted on, with Clifford Case, Prescott Bush, John S. Cooper and Leverett Saltonstall, in the "Eisenhower wing" of the Republican Party and, because of his gifts, may emerge as principal spokesman for this group. He is close to both Thomas Dewey and Richard Nixon and will definitely be an insider.

NOEL E. PARMENTEL, JR., a magazine writer, is at work on a book about the Long family of Louisiana.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LAUSCHE of Ohio

by Richard L. Maher

Cleveland

IN Frank John Lausche, who has taken over the Senate seat of the late Robert A. Taft, the Senate gets a Democrat who is more conservative than Taft or Taft's immediate Republican successor, George H. Bender.

Lausche's ten years as Ohio's governor—he has served longer than any in the history of the state—have been marked by a careful, cautious approach to governmental problems, a "go slow and easy" policy. He has run what might be termed a "status quo" government.

The son of immigrant Yugoslav parents, Lausche came up from the streets of Cleveland, where he played sandlot baseball, to become a judge, a mayor and a governor. He hails from the most heavily Democratic section of the city, but his conduct of governmental affairs has not always reflected the thinking of those in his home territory. Nevertheless, all his old neighbors and most nationality groups here support him with almost crusading zeal because of their intense pride in his rise from a humble home to the state's Executive Mansion.

In three years as mayor of Cleveland and ten years as governor of the state, Lausche has had the support of business men, big as well as little. They regard him as "safe." They have figured—and events justify their belief—that nothing detrimental to them would happen under his direction.

Only once during his five terms as governor has Lausche had a legislature of his own party. And when he did, he could not get along with its leaders, even though they had been hand-picked by him. On the other hand, Lausche always got along well with his Republican leaders. In fact, Democratic leaders in that Assembly often learned of his plans from the Republicans. Once when he was having senate members as guests at the governor's mansion, he overlooked telling the Democratic leader, who learned of it from the GOP president *pro tem* of the state senate.

That Lausche has had big-business and Republican support in his campaigns is generally admitted by GOP leaders. Right up to Election Day, George Bender, his Republican opponent, again and again stressed that the "Republicans who elected Frank Lausche are coming back home this year." It's even whispered that George M. Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury, who was Bender's campaign chairman, supported Lausche for mayor of Cleveland when Lausche first ran for this office.

The new Senator's position is obscure on many of the problems that will face the country beginning next January. He is something of a states'-righter in his views. "I don't believe that the federal government ought to take on duties which belong to the state and local governments," he said during the campaign. "With all due respect to the President of the United States, the speed with which his Administration has been taking over local affairs was just as great as during preceding years."

Last winter, after an appearance on *Meet the Press*, Lausche said there were some civil-rights matters that ought to be settled on the state level. "I am for civil rights," he said during the campaign. "I fought for an FEPC bill in the Ohio Legislature. I am for a federal bill to punish lynching. I am for a federal law to give the right to vote." But, as his rival, Bender, pointed out during the campaign, for most of Lausche's years as governor, a segregated school ran in Hillsboro, Ohio, a tiny rural community, without state interference. It continued until exposed by *The Cleveland Press* and until court orders finally ended it. And it is a matter of record that no FEPC bill was passed by the Ohio legislature during his terms.

Lausche

As governor, Lausche used the public utilities as whipping boys, but legislation to change an antiquated rate-making law in Ohio never got out of legislative committee. Year after year it was sidetracked—and Lausche always had a handy issue for the next campaign.

Lausche has told the voters very little about what he plans to do as Senator. He campaigned as he had campaigned for governor—visiting county fairs, speaking at church suppers, nationality affairs, community dinners. He attended very few strictly political meetings.

He has consistently used political bosses as whipping boys during his years in office. Yet he himself got his start in politics as a ward leader for the man whom today he castigates more than any other political leader—Ray T. Miller, the Democratic chairman of Cleveland who was elected mayor in 1932. Miller had made Lausche leader of the Slovenian Twenty-Third Ward for that campaign. After his victory, he offered Lausche a cabinet post which was refused. Later, Miller went to the then Democratic governor of Ohio and got Lausche appointed a city judge. Still later Miller backed Lausche for mayor—and upon Lausche's election, they split.

Lausche has put out a political creed that includes such cogent points as: "Do not yield your judgment for votes. . . . Do not allow lobbyists to obtain a position of domination. . . . Do not yield your honest judgment to a political boss. . . . Do become a lobbyist for the people. . . ." During the two years of the last twelve that Lausche was out of the governor's office, he was himself a lobbyist—and not for the people. He was hired by Robert Young as counsel for the New York Central chief's railroad federation.

Generally, Lausche thinks along Republican lines, although he labels

---

RICHARD L. MAHER is on the staff of The Cleveland Press.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself a Democrat. He voted for Taft in 1950. He now says that he may vote with the Republicans to organize the Senate if his vote will mean that the President will have a Senate of his own party.

At sixty-one, the new Senator is somewhat of a mystic. He studies and quotes Lincoln, and golfs with the state's top industrialists and newspaper publishers. He proclaims himself a friend of the working man —yet organized labor opposed him more vigorously than Robert Taft. He says he believes in the two-party system—yet admittedly the Democratic Party in Ohio, under his titular leadership, degenerated into a Lausche party, with the organization at its weakest in history.

Lausche has a charm that wins people and voters. He has a flair for telling a story on himself, even though it might be embarrassing. He is an individualist who has parlayed political unorthodoxy into higher and higher political office.

CLARK of Pennsylvania

by David Wesley

York, Pa.

EX-MAYOR Joseph Sill Clark, Jr., of Philadelphia, who unseated GOP Senator James H. ("Big Red") Duff, is just a plain young-fashioned liberal. But there's more than is ordinarily implied in the word "just." Joe Clark is a liberal politician who exudes a conspicuous aura of integrity and conviction. He appears to wear nobody's tie.

Not even the Democratic tie — the machine-made model, that is — when it begins to choke. That's part of the Philadelphia story, where Clark pulled off a revolution unprecedented in any American city in modern times. It *was* a revolution — when you consider that the City of Brotherly Love had languished in an oleaginous stupor for sixty-seven unbroken years under the almost unbelievably graft-ridden rule of a big business-run GOP machine. With *bakshish,* rather than public service, enthroned at City Hall, with a rackets-protecting police force and patronage rampant, Pew of Sun Oil was boss no matter who was mayor.

Clark

Registration was still two to one for the Pews when the voters finally kicked over the traces in 1951. Clark — abetted by Richardson Dilworth — uprooted the police force, blew the patronage racket sky-high and, after lopping off waste in great hunks, shot taxes up nearly $20 million at the end of his first year. It went on like that, with even more taxes and less patronage, and Clark and Dilworth had to wage one valiant battle after another against palace insurrections along the way (some of the malcontents were still knifing Clark in the wards back home in this, his first state-wide campaign). Yet Democracy continues to reign in Philadelphia — with Dilworth now at the helm as mayor.

For present purposes, what is as impressive as this vivid achievement — and it identifies the keynote of his liberalism — is Clark's own assessment of it. He has drawn two major lessons. Lesson No. 1, he has written, is that "the American vote need no longer be 'delivered' by party bosses and party hacks. The 'controlled' vote can become more and more a thing of the past . . . . Lesson No. 2: "Americans are expecting increasing services from all levels of government, and they expect these services to be rendered honestly and efficiently."

There's one more thing, having to do with the nagging problem of enticing honest and efficient people into government. "Once word got around," he has said, "that civil-service examinations were on the level, we were swamped with applications from men and women who in the past would have been ashamed to tell their friends they wanted to work in city hall."

Today there is additional evidence that Clark is a revolutionary. He is described as "one of the leaders in a powerful left-wing and underground activity that espouses a totalitarian concept of government wholly foreign to the American constitutional system." This devastating revelation came from Big Red himself and accurately measured the decline of this aging patriarch of the Pew-PAM (Pennsylvania Association of Manufacturers) dynasty. Duff was referring to Clark's membership in Americans for Democratic Action, and it caused even the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* (Pittsburghers regard Philadelphians with the same brotherly love San Franciscans expend on Angelenos) to cry "Foul!" — after Clark, with typical vigor, had announced that he was proud to be associated in such nefarious business with Mrs. Roosevelt, Senator Lehman and Senator Humphrey.

Lean, tireless and boyish of frame, but taking on the creases of years of arduous administrative and political labor in his rather patrician face, this fifty-five-year-old descendant of a main line family assiduously tramped the state during the campaign. His was a markedly high-level, issue-concentrated drive that presented a generally ADA platform. He is for a strong defense program and against U.N. admission for China at the present time, but he is anxious to junk the more egregious aspects of foreign policy as represented by Dullesism, and he would favor the Bowles approach to the underdeveloped world. Primarily, he is an earnest civil libertarian, with a clear record during his Philadelphia tenure on the treatment of minorities. Always staunchly pro-

---

DAVID WESLEY edits the editorial page of the York (Pa.) Gazette and Daily.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

labor, he can be counted on to support severe modification or repeal of Taft-Hartley.

During the campaign, he was asked how he felt about riding along in the same bandwagon with Un-American Activities Committee chairman Francis Walter, who won re-election in Easton, Pennsylvania. Clark promptly replied by calling Walter the Joe McCarthy of the Democratic Party. The irony is that the Philadelphia "spectacular" written, produced and directed by Joe Clark, which stimulated the voters last year to hoist a Democrat, young, liberal George Leader, into the governor's chair for only the second time this century and has sent statewide Democratic registration charging upward ever since, may well have insured a continued long career for Walter—but, of course, for Clark (and Leader?) as well.

COOPER and MORTON of Kentucky

by Richard Harwood

Louisville, Ky.

JOHN SHERMAN COOPER of Somerset, Kentucky, New Delhi, India, Washington and other capitals of the world will enter the United States Senate in a few days. He has won another election in Kentucky and for the next four years will sit in the seat from which death snatched old Alben Barkley last spring.

Cooper has been in that chamber twice before for two-year terms. He returns now perhaps a smaller man than when he left it in 1954. His campaign this fall certainly has added nothing to his stature and just as certainly has destroyed some of the fictions that have enveloped him for the past ten years. There had grown up in Kentucky and in Washington, too, a Cooper myth, the substance of which was this: He was not "really" a Republican and most assuredly was no kin to the Carroll Reeces and Molly Malones of the world. True, he had always been listed as a Republican on ballots, but that was an accident of birth and geography. He was born in the Republican Appalachian foothills of Eastern Kentucky, and his father, being a banker, was a Republican. Today, the myth of Cooper's high-minded nonpartisanship is less substantial than once it was. It is fair to say that he will never again be able to stand for office in this state as a Republican-Democrat.

In his campaign this year, he committed everything he possessed politically and intellectually to his party, and most specifically to Dwight David Eisenhower. At every crossroads and in the urban suburbs where he is adored, he imputed to the Democrats fatal and incurable capacity for war-mongering: "I do not believe the people of the United States want to live another sixteen years under the kind of government and the kind of life in which they are always faced with the problem of getting ready for war, getting into war and getting out of war." Cooper had had "personal experience" with war, having served in Europe in World War II, and I heard him, with broken voice and misty eyes, tell a little crowd in Owenton, Ky., how "young boys died" at his feet. And when he got to the part about visiting the little mountain cabin in 1952, just as the parents got news of the boy's death in Korea, tears spilled onto Cooper's cheek.

It was true that for the past year he had served his President as Ambassador to India and that he had said late in the summer that he could not run for the Senate because it would not be "an orderly or responsible action to run at this time." But he did run, at the President's amiable pleading, and little has been heard since about India, or about international affairs in general, although supposedly that is Cooper's special field of competence.

Cooper

He did, it must be confessed, remind the Kentucky farmers from time to time that he had negotiated a vast sale of surplus agricultural products to India during his year in Delhi and that the purchase included 6,000,000 pounds of burley tobacco —Kentucky's first crop. But that is about all we heard on world diplomacy, except that peace was wonderful and Republican.

The new Senator noted, too, during his campaign travels, that factories were springing up across the countryside because of Eisenhower prosperity and he further noted that his opponent had said some harsh things about "big business." "I don't know, of course," he said, "if my opponent actually wants the General Electric Company and the Ford Motor Company and other companies to move their plants out of Kentucky into other states." But, he implied, there must be something wrong with a fellow who talked about "big business" with less than reverence.

At times in the campaign he acceded to his liberal inclinations. He was forthright in his condemnation of racial segregation. He reaffirmed his belief in the rightness of federal aid to schools. While equivocating now and then on what is to be done about the farmers, he showed genuine concern for their plight.

The irony of his campaign is that he didn't have to flirt with demogoguery to win. The President would have carried him in, but that has become history and Cooper must read what he has writ.

* * *

Thruston Ballard Morton now enters the scene, another Kentucky Republican elected to the Senate. The state could have done far worse.

An ex-Yale oarsman, socialite,

RICHARD HARWOOD is on the staff of the Louisville Times.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and wealthy heir of one of Louisville's first families, Morton, at 49, has all the secondary characteristics of the conservative Republican stereotype. But at some point he developed instinct and habits of logic that do not fit the image.

During World War II he made friends with Harold Stassen and came under his influence. Stassen got him to run for Congress here in 1946. Morton won and was twice re-elected. In 1952 he decided to bow out of politics but was called by Sherman Adams and John Foster Dulles to become an Assistant Secretary of State. This year Morton resigned the job to take on, and accomplish, the improbable task of unseating Earle C. Clements. His Congressional record was good. He supported TVA, was an early advocate of Federal Aid to Education, supported the Truman foreign aid programs and, altogether, earned for himself a "liberal-internationalist" label.

As a Dulles assistant, Morton lobbied in the Congress for the State Department. His special job was to fight the Bricker Amendment, with the result that his name became a "synonym for scorn" in the Hearst-McCormick press. He fought hard, too, to save the reciprocal trade bill from ravishment by the Republican Congress in 1953.

All this is not to say that Morton is another Herbert Lehman. Rather, he is a well-shod example of what the President describes as "new Republicanism." Morton is enamored of the President. He was one of his earliest supporters here and, for Morton, the glamor has not dimmed since Eisenhower ascended to the Presidency. Morton, in a word, is one of the team.

There is perhaps more than a trace of paternalism in his support of Negro integration in public life, but he has taken a clear stand on the issue, whatever his motive. On government's role in the nation's economic life, he has no wish to wipe out the quarter century just past. On the so-called "human welfare" question, he is to the left of most in his party.

It would be no surprise if Morton, as a Senator, compiled a voting record of more liberal tendencies than that of the man he replaces. But it is to be expected that with rare exceptions, where the President leads, Morton will follow.

CARROLL of Colorado

by Harold V. Knight

Denver, Col.

JOHN CARROLL, Senator-elect from Colorado, returns to Washington after six years. He was one of the New Deal-Fair Deal Congressman between 1946 and 1951, and has consistently maintained a liberal stand on major issues with one possible exception—he disagreed with Adlai Stevenson on ending the draft and the H-bomb tests.

His victory, in a state that gave Eisenhower approximately the same margin as his whopping 60 per cent in 1952, indicates a resurgence of fundamental Democratic liberalism. Not only did Carroll win, but Colorado Democrats elected a Governor, (Stephen McNichols), most state officials and apparently won control of the legislature for the first time in many years. Even more significant was the fact that Carroll carried Denver by only 8,600 votes—and carried the state by 5,000. It has been a truism here that a Democrat must carry Denver by 15,000 to 18,000 votes to offset the normal strength of the Republicans in the rest of the state.

This fact indicates a strong disaffection among the normally GOP rural voters, particularly farmers and small business men in the drought-stricken Southeastern areas. As expected, Carroll polled a strong labor vote and, apparently, a majority of the old-age pensioners. His opponent, former Governor Dan Thornton, never previously defeated, had once called pensioners "lazy and socialistic"—a statement that came home to roost during the campaign. Former Secretary of Agriculture Charles A. Brannan, who lost to Carroll in a close primary, campaigned for him vigorously. Governor Edwin C. Johnson, veteran Senator, endorsed Carroll formally for the first time in any campaign.

Thornton, Ike's personal golfing friend and chairman of the Republican Farm Committee, did not prove as formidable as expected. He "out-Bensoned Benson"—as one commentator put it—and his glibness, his emphasis on being "a salesman for Colorado" and his general Hollywood cowboy appearance aroused mistrust among voters.

Carroll may be expected to take his place in the liberal bloc as a hard fighter, a thorough researcher, and an indefatigable worker, particularly on economic, civil-liberties and civil-rights issues. He made his opposition to freeing gas producers from federal regulation of price at the well-head a major campaign issue, and he may be expected to continue as an unyielding foe of the oil and gas lobby. He wants to be a part of the O'Mahoney anti-monopoly price-spread investigation.

On civil liberties he was one of the few representatives to vote against the McCarran Act of 1950, now before the U. S. Supreme Court for constitutional determination. This year, as in Carroll's previous—and unsuccessful—campaigns this was used in a "pink-sheet" smear, but this time the charge was met head-on early in the campaign.

As to foreign policy, John Carroll is a disciple of the Truman-Acheson school of internationalism, favoring foreign aid, both economic and military, and negotiation through strength. (He served President Truman as advisor and liaison man with Congress on foreign aid in 1951.)

In past campaigns, some of Carroll's supporters thought that he acted a bit aloof, but certainly in 1956 he used a friendly, homey approach. During the campaign's final weeks, with the international situation in the foreground, his slogan was: "Colorado needs a statesman in the Senate, not a salesman."

Incidentally, it is probably true that the Carroll supporters elected him with less money than was expended for any other hotly-contested Senatorial seat. His opponent out-advertised him on television, radio, press and billboards by at least three to one.

HAROLD V. KNIGHT is a columnist for several Colorado papers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NIGHT THE ROOF FELL IN

Watching the Returns . . by DAN WAKEFIELD

OF THE MANY questions left unanswered by the recent Presidential campaign, one of the most perplexing is how to distinguish between the two parties. What, asks the voter, (and is even more likely to ask when the all-embracing image of Eisenhower finally fades) is the difference between a Republican and a Democrat? In New York City, a heavily Democratic street crowd was told by Senator-elect Javits (then candidate Javits) that he should be supported because he was less like a Republican than other Republicans. His election, he argued, would therefore "strengthen the two-party system."

The campaign platforms of both major parties largely incorporated each other, with only the stubs of a few stray planks sticking out slightly in different directions. I saw by several papers that some of the issues raised by Mr. Stevenson had been challenged by the Republicans mainly because they were raised by Mr. Stevenson—and had actually been on tap for possible Administration proposals. Eisenhower himself has gone far in exterminating the validity of party labels—not through bipartisanship, but through platitudes.

After standing on Broadway streetcorners listening to Javits and Wagner campaign, my whole uneasiness with the blur of the parties set me off on election night in search of some method to tell who the Democrats and Republicans were without a scorecard. I had heard too much of the oratory of the battle to hope for finding a formula on ideological grounds, and so decided to attack the problem with a "personal" approach. I have always felt it was possible to tell a football coach from a French professor, a sports reporter from an advertising man, merely by watching them when they don't know they're being watched. Why not develop the same technique (it seemed to be the only possibility left) for telling a Democrat from a Republican? The volunteer workers of both major parties were holding parties on election night to celebrate their efforts, and I decided to attend them. By their parties, I thought, ye shall know them.

The volunteer workers of the New York Citizens Committee for Stevenson, Kefauver and Wagner were assembled in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. I arrived about ten o'clock, when the party was split between a pair of TV sets in the outer ballroom lobby and the hundreds of tables in the ballroom itself. The news by ten o'clock was already not so good for that conclave, but hope still sprang, and a large dance band featuring a Latin-American vocalist was giving the crowd a rhumba.

I made my way through the tables and sat down to take in the splendor of the Grand Ballroom, a gilt-edged cavern ringed with tiers of gold opera-type boxes for the galleries, and further frosted for the occasion by great strands of blue bunting radiating out across the ceiling from a gold chandelier. I soon spotted tall icy glasses and removed myself from the inner cavern to the bar outside where, I discovered, rye and water was going for $1.29 the portion. With my portion in hand I returned to hear an official stop the music for an announcement. The band cut short on "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey" to allow a young volunteer on stage to anounce that the Democrats were leading 39-31, according to latest results in the Senate races. It was also said that Wagner was ahead; as for Adlai—"Remember '48."

Back in the lobby the gang around the TV was getting it straight from the shoulder. A grave CBS newsman, speaking by inter-oceanic phone with Edward R. Murrow in Tel Aviv, confidentially intoned to the receiver that "Ed, it looks like another Eisenhower landslide over here."

The troops began consoling each other, or dancing, or both, and the makeup on the faces of the many attractive female volunteers for Stevenson was still untroubled. At 11:05 Thomas Finletter, straight and slim in a blue suit, tie and shirt, pronounced the awful words that it had been "a nice fight." Groans of protest began from the ballroom, but Anna M. Rosenberg came on stage and huskily announced that in spite of the returns-writing on the wall, "the party is just beginning." But just in case of defeat, she said, "I enlist with you tonight in a great crusade"—gasps and giggles at the phrase rise from the cavern—"yes, a great crusade; not the phony Madison Avenue crusade, but our crusade for a new America."

The figures on the wall were steadily mounting in the wrong direction, but on came Juanita Hall, the Bloody Mary of *South Pacific*, to say that she wasn't giving up, and not only that, she would sign one song. "Let's make America our 'Bali Hai' by voting for the right party," she said, and then the ballroom throbbed with Miss Hall's famous rendition.

But by this time the leaders were in a full rout of thanks to the troops, and on came Marietta Tree to the mike, radiant in defeat and a chic black gown. "Oh volunteers, dear! You've done such a wonderful job. . . ." She, too, saw the mounting inevitability of the returns, but half-sighed, half-spoke into the microphone:

"Are we downhearted?"

"No" (delayed and scattered) came back from the crowd.

"Carry on, then!"

Feeling the flow of the tide, I turned to head out of the cavern. The band was whipping it up with a South American beat, and a fash-

---

DAN WAKEFIELD is a Nation *staff contributor.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fionably grey lady looked ruefully at the stage and said "I wish they hadn't let us know the returns so early. It would have been more of a party."

BUT I was already on my way to the other one—the volunteer workers for Ike-and-company who were holding their festivities at the Hotel Marguery.

"The hotel what?" asked the bell captain of whom I asked directions.

"The Marguery," I said, "where the Republicans are. Maybe it's exclusive—a club or something."

The bell captain drew out a large hotel guide and flipped through it. "Marguery," he murmered. "Seems to me they tore that down a few years ago."

It turned out that the Marguery was the 270 Park Avenue office headquarters of the Citizens Committee for Eisenhower, and no longer a hotel. An elevator took me to the entrance of a rather small four-room suite empty of almost all furniture, its walls plastered with Republican posters, poems and slogans and its floors littered with leaflets. I stepped from the elevator into a group that was gathered by a tall Negro who was playing a very mean bass. A dozen or more other Negroes were in the crowd, decked out with Ike paraphernalia and smiling broadly at the returns coming in over the mammoth RCA screen in the main room. A crowd was pressed around it on folding chairs, laughing, singing and tossing an occasional "I Like Ike" balloon in the air.

I moved toward the bar that was set up in one end of a room leading off from the TV room, and prepared to dig out some nightclub sum for a highball, when I noticed that —as if I had wandered by mistake to the lair of a collective society— no money was changing hands. For the evening, at least, the Republicans had instituted socialized drinking. "Four Roses and water," I said, and lo and behold, it appeared before me. I am happy to report that other assorted foodstuffs were also on the house, and I had no more than started into the TV room again with a drink, a sandwich and several pretzels when a smiling, prim

lady in a red blouse thrust a silk handkerchief at me that was inscribed with an elephant and a blue "I Like Ike" inscription.

"Take one," she said, "Go ahead."

I accepted it with thanks, and, under the circumstances of the party, offered to get her a drink. The offer was refused as the lady said, she had only recently gotten over an ulcer, but she hoped I might meet her husband. "He's so interesting, really, you'd like him. He used to be on the board of the New York Stock Exchange, before we went to Europe."

The lady was at the moment involved in keeping watch over the $1 pool on what time Stevenson would concede. The pool had been closed however, and the lady guessed she had a good chance as her guess was 1:58 and it was now past one o'clock with the roof coming off all over the country.

I took my leave of the nice lady and wandered around the room to examine the assorted symbols. On one wall, beside a map of the country, a poem was scrawled in black paint which M. Robert Rogers of Eggheads for Ike would have probably felt himself duty-bound to scrape from the plaster. It read:

We like Ike, We've said it
Again and again.
We want Ike, to finish
The job he began.
We like Ike, we
Need him to lead us again.
It's plain to see that
We like Ike.

I looked up to see a knot of crew-cut young men in conversation beside me, one wearing a large yellow button which said in black letters, "Don't confuse me with the facts; my mind is already made up."

". . . Oh yes," said the first crew-cut, "a good friend of mine is working at BBD&O now. Writing ad copy, mostly technical stuff, you know, like for National Geographic, scientific things."

"Oh," said the second crew-cut, "He an engineer?"

"No," said the first, a bit indignantly, "he went to Yale."

I MOVED toward the TV and sat down beside a middle-aged lady who cradled an Ike balloon in her lap and stared proudly at the screen.

"Well," I said, "It looks like he's got it sewed up."

She looked at me somewhat questioningly:

"Of course he does. I prayed about it."

"Oh?"

"Certainly. He's above partisan politics. Why in fact, do you know what I think he'll do?"

"What?"

"I think he'll make Stevenson Vice President. He's just that much above partisan politics. And Stevenson's not a bad man, you know. It's just that I like Ike."

"I see."

When the victory finally came, officially, on the screen, all crowded to the TV room. There was back-slapping and singing, and a cute brunette stood on the arms of an easy chair in her stocking feet. A thin, frizzly-haired woman in a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turquoise dress lurched toward the screen as the President appeared in his traditional hands-up pose: "Eisenhower!" she screeched.

In the midst of it all a short, knotty man in a janitor's uniform reeled into the TV room and began hissing the President. He waved his hand madly at the screen.

"Go on!" he shouted hoarsely, "go home. It's all over with. Case closed!"

Suddenly a door opened to the side of the TV set and two men and women were beaming and beckoning to the janitor. He reeled toward them and the door shut behind him. A minute and twenty seconds later he emerged from another door, and a fat army officer bumped into him and said "Great news, huh?"

The janitor stretched a half-smile.

"Ike's in all right," he said amiably.

It was indisputable. I left the second party behind and headed for home to draw my conclusions. Well, here I am, and what are they? What would Reisman say in a case like this? I suppose the moral is that in this day and age you had best refrain from looking the parties in the mouth, especially if you want to try to get them clear in your mind. The Democrats have Eastland and Humphrey, a dance band and Marietta Tree; the Republicans have Jenner and Javits, free booze and a hell of a good man on base. What do you make of that, now? I think if you want to tell a Democrat from a Republican in this day and age you had better go up to the fellow and ask him what he is.

FREE, WHITE and VOTELESS

D.C.'s Lost Franchise . . by CONSTANCE McL. GREEN

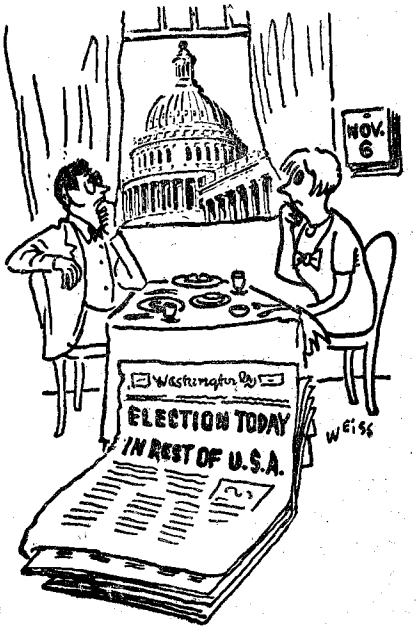
Washington, D. C.

I COULD not vote on Election Day. I am not a Negro living in a Southern state. I am neither a felon nor a minor. I am a citizen of the District of Columbia. I and my neighbors felt as strongly about many of the national issues raised in this campaign as any of our fellow Americans, but (except for those among us who have kept up the fiction of citizenship in a state) we were barred from the ballot because we live in the nation's capital.

Citizens of Hawaii and Alaska, Puerto Rico and even the Virgin Islands, have more political rights than we do. Congress enacts all our local laws, approves the tax rate and fixes the size of the annual budget; the President appoints the District's executive officers and the judges. But we have no voice in choosing either the Congress or the President.

As I ask myself how this situation arose, I observe regretfully that not every District resident wants it changed. There are those who apparently think the price of voting in national elections too high if it means an elected city government. Reasons are complex: unwillingness to bother, fear of higher taxes and—perhaps most important—a determination to keep Negro influence in the city to a minimum. Thus, while segregation, for years accepted as a basic tenet in Washington, no longer obtains publicly, controversy over Home Rule endures.

Citizens of the District have not always been entirely voteless. Today Congressmen defending this discrimination take a lofty legalistic position: the Constitution puts the federal District under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress and leaves no room for discretion. Yet earlier Congresses saw fit to delegate power to the local community. Until 1871, under city charters granted Washington and nearby Georgetown, qualified voters elected mayors and councilmen; for three brief years thereafter, a Territorial Governor, a Council and an elected House of Delegates ran the District.



Doubts about self-rule clearly began with the Civil War. Washington, a city below the Mason-Dixon line, a city where the slave trade had flourished for a half century and slavery endured still longer, was perhaps hyper-sensitive to the pressures of racial antagonisms. In 1860 there were 14,000 Negroes here, including 3,100 slaves, compared to 61,000 whites (today about 35 per cent of the population is Negro). Free or slave, no Negro was then a citizen. Chief Justice Taney had settled that three years before in the Dred Scott decision. Upper-class whites nevertheless recognized Washington's free Negroes as "superior." The best Negro families had long had their freedom. In 1814 the beleaguered city had gratefully acknowledged its debt to the free blacks who, "conducting themselves with the utmost order and propriety," worked harder than many whites in building the breastworks intended to fend off the British invaders. If citizens of Wash-

CONSTANCE McLAUGHLIN GREEN, author, is writing a history of the District of Columbia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ington in 1861 found it unthinkable that Negroes should vote, only the poorest whites resented their presence.

A change in attitude first appeared when the Civil War was a year old, and then not because Congress freed all locally held slaves (a measure most Washingtonians approved), but because a mounting flood of "contrabands" — slaves from Virginia and farther South who had come under the wing of the Union armies—was daily pouring into the capital. Month after month, as the number of ignorant, penniless refugees swelled — according to some estimates, up to 40,000—the problem grew of feeding them, of finding work and housing for them, of forestalling grim epidemics, and of preventing a people unaccustomed to liberty from running amok. The army put some of them to work at menial tasks, issued rations and medicine, housed several hundred in empty army barracks. But Washingtonians knew that army aid would not endure after the war; the burden would then be theirs. And in 1864 Congress ordered Washington and Georgetown taxpayers to provide public schools for all colored children. The sheer numbers of freedmen created a Negrophobia new to the capital. By 1865 Washingtonians were frightened at what loomed ahead.

A VINDICTIVE spirit in Congress, moreover, boded ill for the city. Tales of Washington's rebel sympathies had spread during the war. Congress tended to dub all District citizens traitors, the entire area a hot bed of "secesh." Washingtonians resented deeply the impugning of their patriotism. Appalled at Lincoln's assassination, they were outraged at finding the plot attributed to them. But in 1865 District citizens had to tread warily; radicals in Congress held the whip hand. The city council cautiously prepared a statement anticipating the next moves on Capitol Hill. A few educated Negroes, declared the city's official pronouncement, might qualify for suffrage, but by and large the race was as yet unfit for citizenship. Referenda in Washington and Georgetown upheld that view: only thirty-five voters in the capital, not one in Georgetown, favored local Negro suffrage.

Violent speeches in Congress immediately betrayed the radicals' wish to punish the rebel District. George Julian of Indiana called Negro suffrage "retributive justice." The temper of the Congressional majority produced a District suffrage bill stripped even of a literacy qualification. President Johnson vetoed the bill; he reminded its supporters in Congress that few of them would have dared to propose a similar measure for their own states. But the radicals overrode the veto. Thus the District became the first place in former slave-holding territory to see Negroes enfranchised—just as emancipation of slaves, the extinction of a Black Code and the creation of public schools for colored children had occurred here months and years before those changes came elsewhere.

However unhappy over an unwanted primacy, the District cities discovered that the pill Congress had administered went down rather easily. Washington's Negro leaders kept careful watch over irresponsible freedmen. Colored men took vast pride in voting. Within a year, while Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota and Kansas persisted in denying the vote to colored men, Negroes in Washington were quietly putting their representatives into the city government, and, except for the defeated white candidates, no one was the worse for it. Unemployment and an empty city treasury, not who voted, were the immediate problems.

And now agitation in Congress to move the capital to the Mississippi Valley arose to heighten Washington's worries. Reluctantly the city fathers saw the wisdom of complying with a Congressional mandate to divide school funds between the white and Negro schools according to the ratio of white children to colored, instead of making Negro taxes the basis. And another way of winning Congressional favor seemed to lie in evolving a new form of local government with fewer elective offices and more federal patronage.

Consequently a citizens' petition early in 1870 proposed a territorial government for the entire District. A governor and an eleven-man council appointed by the President would ensure Republican control of key offices, and a popularly elected lower house should satisfy proponents of local suffrage. Assured of the community's readiness to spend large sums on improvements in the capital city, Congress would surely appropriate federal money to further the work. Federal aid was a first consideration, but at the same time men wedded to the doctrine of white supremacy saw in the scheme a useful curtailment of colored voters' power, while Negroes knew they would suffer no more than would their white neighbors. Congress accepted the plan with one addition, an appointed Board of Public Works responsible only to the President.

THE THREE years of territorial government both benefited and injured the District. Its legislature succeeded in enacting a District civil-rights law forbidding racial discrimination in public places of entertainment, in hotels, restaurants or barber shops—and, for good measure, in cemeteries. For a few days signs appeared in shop windows: "Shave $30, Haircut $35" or "Ham and Eggs, $2," with a note in small print appended: "Special Rates allowed our Regular Patrons." But the signs soon disappeared and attempts at Jim Crowism grew steadily fewer. Only the school system remained dual, unyielding to pressure to open integrated classes.

But now fierce conflict arose over finances. Debt piled upon debt, and though Congress contributed federal money on an unprecedented scale, by the spring of 1873 the District faced bankruptcy. School teachers, police and firemen had not been paid for months. Besides a five per cent district income tax, the enormous real-estate assessments and special levies imposed by a squandering Board of Public Works put a killing burden upon property owners. In September, 1873, when the outbreak of a country-wide panic destroyed all hope of obtaining credit, public works in the District came to a halt. Hungry whites joined hungry Negroes in tramping the streets in search of jobs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At this point few people much cared who governed the District. Economic troubles overshadowed political and racial questions. If Congress, which had foisted the Board of Public Works on the community, would now take charge, so much the better. Taxpayers drew a breath of relief when in June, 1874, a federal law funded the District debt and guaranteed the bonds by "the faith of the United States." That three appointed commissioners replaced territorial officials seemed unimportant.

The temporary commissioners failed to restore financial stability. Unemployment rose and the business depression dragged on. After the defeat of a bill in 1875 proposing limited suffrage in the District, Congress dropped the question until business began to revive in 1878. But by then Reconstruction had ended. Conciliation of the South had become the accepted order, and liberals had abandoned their efforts to protect colored men's rights.

COLORED men in Washington, unlike Southern Negroes, had anticipated no marked loss of status. Here mutual racial toleration seemed too well established to disintegrate. "Separate but equal" public schooling, to be sure, still formed a barrier between the races, but some whites, as well as educated Negroes, looked upon the system as "an unjust, arbitrary and unconstitutional arrangement." Slowly they perceived that, stripped of suffrage rights, they could not alter the system; still worse, disenfranchisement threatened all civil rights in the District. Men who believed those rights all-important had to fight not only lingering racism in the community and a growing indifference in Congress, but also the manifest wish of a number of well-to-do citizens to barter Home Rule for federal financial aid.

Unanimity of opinion among Washingtonians began and ended with belief in the justice of yearly federal appropriations for District expenses. Where the petitions of prominent business men, notably a so-called Committee of 100, stressed tax relief first, the petitions of workingmen focussed on their desire to vote. Some newspapers urged perpetuation of government by appointed commission as protection against a venal and irresponsible electorate. Washington's one Sunday paper contended that at the root of opposition to Home Rule lay objections to Negro suffrage upon which white prejudice had pinned the blame for all recent civic ills.

Whether local sentiment, however assessed, greatly influenced the ultimate decision of Congress is doubtful. In both House and Senate the most frequently voiced argument has since then grown familiar: the Constitution vested solely in Congress the authority over the federal area. The act passed in June, 1878, stripped District citizens of every political power, but committed the government to meeting half the costs of running the District. Washingtonians who thought the arrangement sound could not have foreseen that within fifty years their descendants, still voteless, would witness a cut in government contributions to District expenses from 50 per cent to a flat $4,500,000 out of a $38,200,000 budget.

The District's enlightened colored people, meanwhile, faced the question of how to halt the steady loss of their social standing. For them suffrage represented primarily a weapon in the struggle against the growing force of anti-Negro feeling. In 1883 the Supreme Court had declared the national Civil Rights Act of 1875 unconstitutional, a decision that destroyed the effectiveness of the District's earlier law. And between 1890 and 1910 Southern states were disenfranchising Negroes and passing a series of Jim Crow laws. In the District, Congress, while winking at some racial discrimination in the executive departments, gave Jim Crowism no legal basis. Nevertheless social pressures slowly worked to sanction various segregational practices.

BY 1910 a considerable segment of white Washington had come to regard the city's Negro aristocrats as "niggers," little different from the most ignorant and shiftless of their race. Lacking means of political expression and cut off from social contacts with intelligent Negroes, whites initially horrified at the mere idea of segregation tended in time to acquiesce. Jim Crowism in nearby Maryland and Virginia strengthened the movement. So did Woodrow Wilson's election, which swept Southern reactionaries into office. With tacit cabinet approval, in the summer of 1913 three government bureaus segregated Negro Civil Service employees from white, opening separate rest-rooms and restaurants and discharging any worker who objected. A storm of protest from Northern liberals checked the spread of the procedure, but failed to end all discrimination in federal offices. (The Pentagon reportedly owes its surprising number of wash rooms to the architects' assumption in 1940 that the government would want separate accommodations for white and colored.) Segregation became the rule in the capital of the 1920s and early 1930s.

LOCAL sentiment has never fully controlled the District's political fate. Yet the residents' determination to keep the capital on the Potomac pushed the community into the extravagant public spending that led to political extinction. Segregation came after the loss of suffrage. The right to vote, it is true, might not have prevented segregation, just as school integration in 1955 did not wait for an elected city government. Nevertheless, the relationship between political helplessness and social discrimination is more than casual. Segregation has gone, ruled out from above; Home Rule has not come.

Although belief in white supremacy did not create a voteless Washington, anti-Negro sentiment is preserving it.

It is no secret here that a powerful group of business men unobtrusively discourages Home Rule on the grounds that colored votes would authorize huge bond issues, pile up ruinous debt, depress local real estate values and drive whites into moving to Virginia and Maryland. Like the promises of statehood for Hawaii and Alaska, the Home Rule planks in both national party platforms in 1956 may prove bruised reeds in 1957.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Evolution of Our Language

THE PELICAN BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE. Edited by Kenneth Allott. Five volumes. Penguin Books. 85c each.

By Walter Allen

THIS five-volume anthology surveys the course of English prose from 1550 to 1880. So there is a tantalizing missing volume: "after 1880 considerations of copyright became troublesome and began to influence an editor's choice." In a way, this was luck for Mr. Allott, the general editor, if disappointing for the rest of us. "It will hardly allure a 'hesitating purchaser' of this book," wrote Quiller-Couch in his introduction to *The Oxford Book of English Prose,* "that I open it with a query if it be possible to make a Prose Anthology at all. . . . No honest scholar can pretend an acquaintance with the whole of English prose, or even with the whole that may yield good selections."

Mr. Allott has eased the implicit difficulty by sharing out the whole tract of time to be covered among five scholars each of whom is responsible for a volume and writes an introduction to it.* "Our working-hypothesis," Mr. Allott writes, "has been that prose should not be too self-conscious, that the writers of the best English prose usually had more on their minds than the problems of style, and that much respectable prose in every age is unmindful of the schoolmaster's ferula." This is surely a general contemporary attitude towards prose, and from it follows another of Mr. Allott's guiding principles: "To illustrate sparingly the 'purple passage'." Here the contrast with Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book,* now thirty years old, is sharp: Sir Arthur went in for the purple passage in a big way and defended himself vigorously in his preface. You can see the shift in taste when you compare the selections made from specific authors, Meredith, for example. Quiller-Couch has three passages from the novels; Mr. Allott one only, and that not from *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,* a source for 'Q'. For Mr. and Mrs. Allott, who are responsible for the Victorian volume, *Feverel* is "intolerably ecstatic."

The emphasis on plain prose comes out in the structure of the work, which is constant from volume to volume. Each book is divided into four sections: "the picture of the age: scene, personality, event"; "the movement of ideas: reflection, argument, exhortation, satire"; "the world of imagination, feeling and comic invention: fiction, historical and occasional writing"; and "the criticism of the arts." The stress throughout is on the functional nature of prose; and because Mr. Allott and his collaborators have dragged their nets widely to catch the minnows as well as the whales, certain major figures appear rather different from the way in which we normally think of them. It becomes clear, for example, that Milton's prose was no more typical of that of his time than was his poetry.

BUT what of the total picture that emerges? I think one is struck first of all by the continuity of English prose and then, almost as though to contradict this, by the real difference between the periods. Each, it seems, has its own conception of man and his nature, which is reflected in its prose. Sir John Harington is remembered, when at all, as a pioneer in plumbing, the inventor of the first water-closet. Yet when in a letter to his wife, written in tones of the warmest affection, he announces the imminent death of the Queene, "my royale godmother, and this state's natural mother," we sense an immediate kinship in the tone of his mind with that of, say, Sir Walter Raleigh, his immeasurably greater contemporary. It is a kinship of assumptions, of belief, and it is the change in the basic assumptions, much more than any change in the structure of the language, which marks the difference between Elizabethan prose and that of a century later. The prose of the eighteenth century, that of Addison, Swift, Fielding, Johnson, Goldsmith, is the expression of what seems an entirely different race of men, one much closer to ourselves, so that for us it is difficult not to see eighteenth century prose as the norm of English prose. In fact, in Britain it remains the official prose of the "establishment" on its formal occasions, the prose to which Churchill rose in his great speeches and which, in a tired way, echoes in the editorials of the *Times.*

It is the groundwork of a great deal of Victorian prose: Ruskin confessed the difficulty he had in quitting himself of "Johnsonian symmetry and balance intended, either with swordsman's or pavior's blow, to cleave an enemy crest, or drive down the oaken pile of a principle." With the Victorians, there is a change, certainly, but not a fundamental one. What the Victorians discovered was the richness and diversity of the usable past in prose that lay behind them, so that, by comparison with the prose-writer of earlier periods, the Victorian was much more eclectic in the sources of his style. Yet there was no such

*Elizabethan and Jacobean (1550-1620): Kenneth Muir; Seventeenth Century (1620-1700): Peter Ure; Eighteenth Century (1700-1780): D. W. Jefferson; The Romantic Period (1780-1830): Raymond Wright; Victorian (1830-1880): Kenneth and Miriam Allott.

WALTER ALLEN, English novelist and critic who has also taught in the United States, is the author of The English Novel, Arnold Bennett, Square Peg, Rogue Elephant, *among others.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

break with the eighteenth century as we find in poetry; the novelists, for instance, still had Fielding and Smollett closely behind them.

But what of today? Now we are in the world of the tantalizing missing volume of this anthology. Is there a characteristic contemporary prose, of our time and of no other? It seems there is, and there may be more than one. One aspect of it Mr. Allott forecasts when he chooses a passage from Gerard Manley Hopkins' notebooks describing in extraordinarily vivid detail water falling over a weir. It is, in its observation and recording of minute particulars, at once scientific and poetic, and it is doubtful whether a comparable piece of prose could have been written much earlier than 1873. It is, one feels, specifically "modern," as Ruskin, say, is not; and it is surely related to the tendency for much prose during the past seventy years to become, not poetry, but a mode of expression and communication which leans heavily on what have always been the properties of poetry. One thinks of James's late prose, with the long extended metaphors that are basic to it; and of D. H. Lawrence's and Virginia Woolf's and Elizabeth Bowen's at her best. We lack a word for it, and we do so because it is new, or nearly new, though examples may be found in Victorian writing.

But there is another tendency in our prose, and in it we may see how far we have travelled from the eighteenth century, for it completely reverses the eighteenth century pattern. It is the prose of men being fanatically themselves. The extreme instance is still probably D. H. Lawrence in his polemics or in *Studies in Classic American Literature*. In another form it appears in the prose Mr. Empson employs in *The Structure of Complex Words*. It is a development that the use of the tape-recorder may do much to harden, for it is essentially an attempt to capture in prose the rhythms, the very feel, of ordinary individual speech. No doubt it will be most successful, as prose, when the men who use it are in fact out of the ordinary. But that goes for all prose.

The Discovered Self

SEIZE THE DAY. By Saul Bellow. The Viking Press. $3.

By Herbert Gold

FOR THE BEST of all reasons, *Seize the Day*, a collection comprising a novella, three short stories and a one-act play, is not an interim book between Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March* and his next novel. The reason is this: the long title story is a great one.

"Seize the Day" presents the essence of the life of Tommy Wilhelm, a yearning, youngish, middle-aged flop, crowded by New York, stunned by his dead marriage, manipulated by a crazy, fraudulent psychologist, under attack from his sly and malevolent old father, grasping wildly for significant relationship with himself and with others. He needs money, he needs love, he needs his own strength, and he seems at first to be sinking hopelessly in retreat from himself within the dense sea of Manhattan. Then abruptly the action turns around, and with the surge of magic which occasionally happens both in real life and in fiction, Tommy Wilhelm moves that redeeming vital inch from pity of self to perception of self. He weeps for a stranger's death.

The story presents an extension of Bellow's view of contemporary life, integrated here in a desperately focussed action. We recognize his submissive, adaptable, strangely resilient hero; we find again the cagy, brilliant fraud who nuttily speaks the truth; the drama springs up within the blurring, blunting, bracing maelstrom of big-city life. Bellow is not much given to the besetting sin of American writers, a moral self-indulgence which we might call "Spokesmanship." Or when he falls, he falls with an indignant wit. Like Doctor Pep, Doctor Tamkin in this story is a stew of health and mad-

HERBERT GOLD is the author of The Man Who Was Not With It.

The Nation's Paris correspondent

has written a book that the *Chicago Sun-Times* calls a

"Vast and moving chronicle"

France:

1940-1955

By ALEXANDER WERTH

"Whatever the measure—depth, breadth, or integrity — Alexander Werth has written the best book on contemporary France which has yet appeared in any language . . . has put us on the high-road of serious history. Intimate witness to scores of events and omniverous reader of the pertinent documents, he has walked almost unerringly through the complex political maze of France. He has organized, weighed, sifted, and evaluated the data of Vichy, the Resistance, and the Fourth Republic with the care of the professional historian and the concern of the sensitive progressive. His performance is positively dazzling.

"To discuss Werth's book is to limit it. Everywhere he is challenging and informative — when he divides the Vichyites into distinct groups, thus differentiating among Pétain, Darlan, and Laval; when he exposes the records of collaborationists (like Jouvenal), now turned respectable; when he revises the wild estimates of the Liberation 'purges'; when he re-evaluates the role of Bao Dai. But best of all, in this day of the arid monograph and sterile dispassion, he has given welcome proof that wisdom, knowledge, courage, and energy will still produce significant history." — HARVEY GOLDBERG, *The Nation*.

At all bookstores, or mail this coupon

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Henry Holt and Company
383 Madison Ave., New York 17

Enclosed is a check, money order, for $6.00. Please send me postpaid a copy of FRANCE: 1940-1955. Within 10 days, if I am not completely satisfied, I may return the book and my money will be promptly refunded in full.

N-1

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Z... State....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness. As close to a spokesman as Bellow allows himself, Tamkin speaks from his own odd stance:

> Now, Wilhelm, I'm trying to do you some good. I want to tell you, don't marry suffering. Some people do. They get married to it, and sleep and eat together, just as husband and wife. If they go with joy they think it's adultery. . . .

The truth of Tamkin's rant is demonstrated by real action (not symbolic action) in the life of Tommy Wilhelm.

The story, though an exhausting one and as close as "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch" to our primary experience, like Tolstoy's story escapes self-pity by the triumph of perception. A superficial reading might stimulate self-pity; the deeper sense of the story lies in something indicated by the energy of Bellow's prose in addition to the climactic incident itself—there is a redeeming power in self-knowledge, and a redeeming pleasure.

Purged of hopelessness, Wilhelm can go on to some sort of self-determination in the world. A variety of stoicism seems to be emerging. A confrontation of the self can save us in a fragmented society—but this is an active, watchful stoicism which can do its part in putting the fragments back together.

"SEIZE THE DAY" enables us to take another look at Bellow's career. It represents an important integration of the dense unity of *The Victim* and the wide-ranging playfulness and pathos of *The Adventures of Augie March*. Bellow is working now with the born storyteller's directness. Incident does not distract from the underlying action; Tommy Wilhelm has the hallucinating fictional reality which Augie March sometimes sideslipped by irony. Irony is never used here to mask emotion; the humor bites without turning us away. The climactic scenes—with the father and at the end—are met climactically and feed each other. The value of Gertrude Stein's famous judgment, "Remarks are not literature," can be acknowledged in relation to the massive building, controlling and passion of this story. The rich play of incident and scene serves dramatic rather than symbolic purpose. The tale is of a magnificent piece.

The other work in the book is much lighter. "A Father-To-Be" shows a man in conflict about submitting to marriage; "Looking for Mr. Green" tells of a man ferociously working at a miserable job, for much more than the job's sake; "The Gonzaga Manuscripts" is a diversion and, despite its humorous moments, the only weak structure in the book. (Why isn't "The Sermon of Dr. Pep" included?) "The Wrecker" is a comic fantasy about marriage and the contrary passions toward security, toward freedom. The wife in it speaks a fine line about the needs of love and novelty: "Maybe the best way to preserve the marriage is to destroy the home."

Seize the Day gives contemporary literature a story which will be explained, expounded, and argued, but about which a final reckoning can be made only after it ripples out in the imagination of the generations of readers to come. I suspect that it is one of the central stories of our day.

Nehru Between Two Worlds

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU. By Frank Moraes. The Macmillan Company. $6.75.

NEHRU: CONVERSATIONS ON INDIA AND WORLD AFFAIRS. By Tibor Mende. George Braziller, Inc. $3.

By Andrew A. Freeman

THE PRIME MINISTER of India is the most complex individual on the international stage and the task of explaining his ideas and personality to the West is as urgent as any to which the political journalist can now address himself. These two books—a full-scale biography by the Indian editor of *The Times of India* and a recorded set of interviews by a French political scientist—do part of this job moderately well. From them we learn a lot about Nehru's thinking and that is all to the good. Yet as a human being, the handsome man in the ludicrous Gandhi cap remains an enigma. And it is a pity, particularly for those who find it easier to understand the motives of a dictator than those of a friend of democracy.

Moraes does not get at the human side of Nehru because he is too much involved in his country's history and in his admiration for the role of his hero.

Nehru was born in Allahabad on November 14, 1889. We hear that his boyhood was lonely and that because his father, a distinguished and successful lawyer, admired British ways, the son was exposed to Western customs and education. Until he was sixteen, when he went to Harrow, Nehru never attended school; he was educated at home by English governesses and tutors. Moraes tells us that although Nehru resented the stories he heard of insulting behavior of Occidentals toward Indians, he confessed that in his "heart he rather admired the English."

From Harrow where "he worked well and seldom (almost never) gave trouble," he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in October 1907 "speaking English in the consciously clipped accents of a British public school boy." From Cambridge he went to London to study law and after passing the bar examinations in 1912, returned home.

HIS consciousness of himself as an Asiatic was first aroused by the Japanese victory over the Russian fleet in 1905 and from then he followed with intense interest news of unrest in India, where nationalism had taken a stronger stand. At home he found the practice of law uninteresting and turned to politics, but moved uncertainly until he met Gandhi in 1916. While the two did not always agree on methods for India's independence, Nehru subscribed without reservation to the program of non-violent resistance with which Gandhi's name will be forever linked.

ANDREW A. FREEMAN formerly served as foreign correspondent in India.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The struggles of these two great figures for their country's freedom, their years in prison for civil disobedience, their awakening of the masses to nationalism, their victory and India's place in the atomic era, are dealt with in voluminous detail relieved occasionally by a touch of drama only a journalist as accomplished as Moraes can give. As such his book throws light on a part of the world many Westerners still regard as mysterious, and for that reason it is highly recommended.

Nehru emerges from Moraes' study a lover of democracy, freedom, peace; a great socialist leader beloved by his people; yet aloof, condescending, often intolerant and with none of Gandhi's human touch.

If Gandhi's touch did not rub off on Nehru, his wisdom did. Of that Moraes says:

> Jawaharlal had learned well the lessons which the Mahatma had taught him, grafting on them the outlook and attitude which his western upbringing and continued contacts abroad had helped him to appreciate. In him, therefore, as a leader at a particular juncture, India was especially fortunate, for, like India, a bridge between the Occident and the Orient, Jawaharlal represents as perhaps no other living statesman does, a finely tempered synthesis of the East and the West.

HOW India's Prime Minister keeps that bridge open is discussed in greater detail in Mende's conversations with Nehru which took place between December 31, 1955 and January 9, 1956 in the Prime Minister's home. Despite the ponderous language of some of the questions Mende asked Nehru, the answers are clear and straightforward. They talked of peace, military alliances, communism, five-year plans, spirituality, birth control, socialism, private enterprise, Russians, Americans and who Nehru's successor might be. About Americans Nehru said:

> Somehow the exigencies of the cold war lead the United States indirectly to encourage colonialism. Directly, I believe, they are not interested in colonialism as such. But indirectly they encourage it. Now, this question of colonialism is something that makes us feel very strongly. . . . It is not enough for anyone to tell me that the principal issue is Communism or anti-Communism, and therefore you must put aside your feelings about colonialism. Apart from not being enough, I believe that it is also a completely wrong approach even to counter Communism. In fact you are playing into the hands of the other party and you make it appear as if Communism were the liberating force for these colonial countries. That is a dangerous thing.

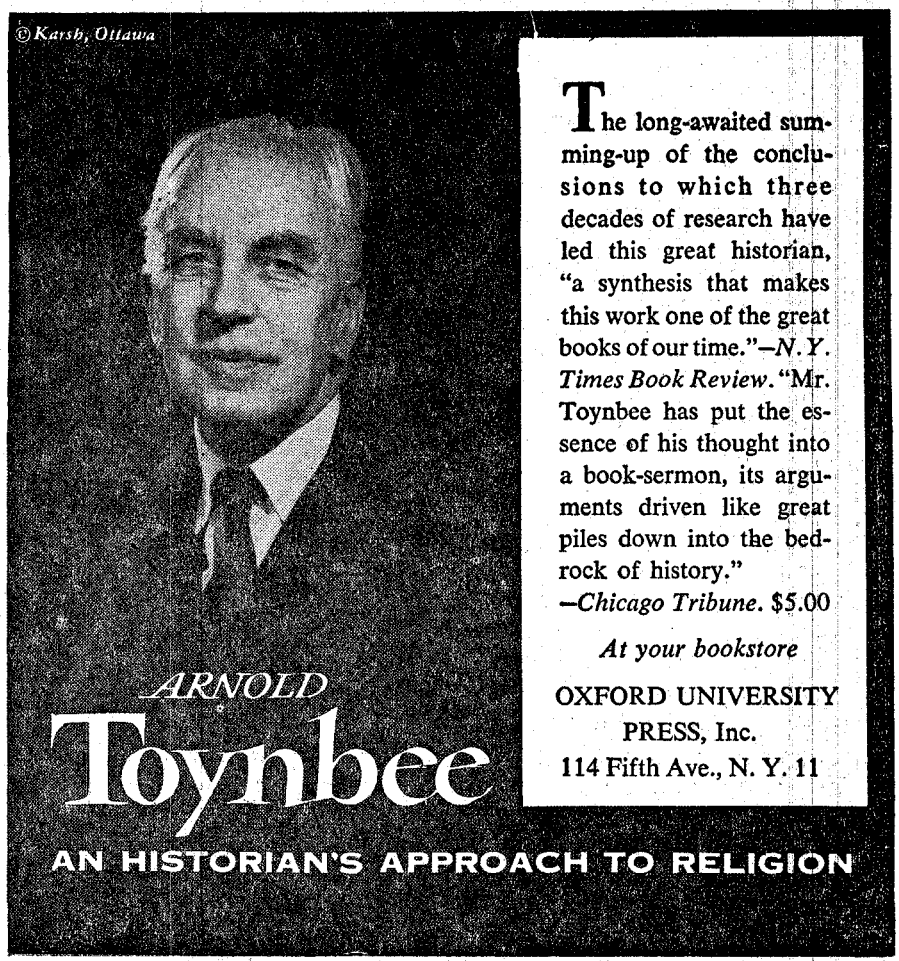
In reply to Mende's question as to who would succeed him, Nehru pointed out that like himself there are others linked with India's struggle for freedom and with its period of construction. He named no names and avoided a direct answer. On that subject, Moraes says:

> He has often quite sincerely discounted the notion that there will be no leadership compared to his once he quits the political stage. The Indian people, he declares, are strong enough to go forward on their own momentum without being slaves to a single man, for no individual is indispensable.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

WITH shocking abdication of public responsibility, the three major networks deprived America of the chance to see what may still prove to be a turning point in history. The emergency session of the United Nations General Assembly which dealt with the crisis in the Middle East, and the Security Council meetings which preceded it, were of immediate importance to all of us. Yet the networks, Nero-like, continued to feed viewers their diet of pap, acknowledging the conflagration with the usual treatment awarded to news event: a few special news shows, commentators' comments and occasional shots of the proceedings at times which did not interfere with scheduled quiz shows, dramas and other video splendors. They could have cancelled out their program schedule — every contract has such a provision—and carried


© Karsh, Ottawa
ARNOLD
Toynbee
AN HISTORIAN'S APPROACH TO RELIGION
The long-awaited summing-up of the conclusions to which three decades of research have led this great historian, "a synthesis that makes this work one of the great books of our time."—N. Y. Times Book Review. "Mr. Toynbee has put the essence of his thought into a book-sermon, its arguments driven like great piles down into the bedrock of history."
—Chicago Tribune. $5.00
At your bookstore
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Inc.
114 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 11

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these urgent hours of decision over the land. The situation demanded swift action and moral conviction. But the networks had neither the resourcefulness for the one nor the courage for the other.

Challenged by a scorching indictment from New York *Times* TV critic Jack Gould who stated that ". . . the national electronic communications system made an absolute mockery of its obligation to serve the public interest," networks could only reply with a confusion of platitudes concerning "editorial judgment" and "balanced programming". In the next days coverage improved somewhat, revealing the tremulous sensitivity of the giant industry to voices of criticism, too rarely raised in anger. The networks pat themselves on the back for increased radio coverage—which they made available with nominal financial sacrifice and which, incidentally, caught little of the historic quality of the screen drama. But while crisis spread to Hungary and exhausted delegates sat in almost continuous meeting, never once did a major network dedicate a sufficient amount of time to bring full TV coverage to its viewers. What a masterful stroke of public relations it would have been for network *and sponsor* to pay off Ed Sullivan or Steve Allen or Ted Mack's Amateur Hour and carry the United Nations.

Ironically, the networks' devotion to business-as-usual caused them to miss the chance of putting on what was actually perfect television. It had everything. It was a human-interest story, a news story, a reality story. The drama had a star-studded cast—Omar Loutfi of Egypt, Sir Pierson Dixon of Great Britain, John Foster Dulles of the U. S., Abba Eban of Israel—powerful diplomats moving with passionate caution in a setting as dramatic as the leading architects and designers of the world could make it.

The UN camera man did a masterful job of following the action. During Eban's deeply moving and significant speech, his camera returned again and again to the littered desk and empty white chair behind the small sign *Egypt;* his choice of shots was brilliant: the gesticulating hands of a caucus of delegates, of Dulles methodically tearing paper into small strips, of a delegate taking notes in Arabic characters, and in the early hours of the morning the voting on the cease-fire proposal. There has never been such television.

HERE in New York (the New York *Daily News*' local station WPIX-TV and city-owned radio station WNYC carried the proceedings. WPIX made its decision to pick up the UN telecast without consulting clients, sales staff or budget department, and sustained considerable financial loss until the Consolidated Edison Company of New York offered to foot the bill for ensuing General Assembly meetings as a community service. It is to Con Edison's great credit that during the entire ten hours there was not one interruption for a commercial, which was the best commercial I can imagine. WNYC, which has steadfastly carried UN proceedings for years, requested permission to extend its broadcasting time beyond ten p.m. to continue this remarkable public service. Its emergency petition to the FCC was perfunctorily denied. Thus, the government agency charged with regulating broadcasting "in the public interest" exhibited its rigidity so that the few listeners of rural WCCO in Minneapolis could be sure to catch *Queen for a Day* without interference from WNYC which shares the same wave length.

With sinful disregard of the people, the networks have exhibited their morality. In this crisis it has become fighteningly clear that their ultimate loyalties are as business men, not as responsible holders of a public trust. If it is impossible to combine the two, then it is time that the two be separated. One local station with the courage of its convictions has shown that the networks do not and perhaps cannot operate in the public interest; another small station that the government's guardian of this interest is inflexible and arbitrary.

Until now, concentrated control of this most powerful system of mass communications in the world has been accepted with a laconic "So what?" by most viewers, unaware of the dangers inherent in such control. The present failure has made these dangers apparent. If it engenders sufficient indignation to right it, perhaps the wrong was worth while, after all.

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

November 18 through November 24
(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, November 18

LA BOHEME (NBC; NBC Opera Theatre). Opening production of the season; Dorothy Coulter as Mimi, with Jan McArt, John Alexander and Richard Torigi. Produced by Samuel Chotzinoff. (Color)

REVOLUTION IN THE NAVY (CBS; See It Now). First of two programs which will tell the story of changes imposed on America's Navy by the introduction of atom power and guided missiles to modern warfare.

Monday, November 19

OUR MR. SUN (CBS). Produced by Frank Capra, in cooperation with an advisory board of leading scientists, this special hour-long broadcast will reveal what science has learned about the sun in live action interwoven with animation and filmed scenes from all over the world. (Color)

Wednesday, November 21

TOM SAWYER (CBS; United States Steel Hour). Departing from its straight dramatic format for the first time, this Theatre Guild-produced series presents its first musical offering. Adapted by Frank Luther, it stars Jimmy Boyd and John Sharpe.

Thursday, November 22

ELOISE (CBS; Playhouse 90). The wacky young person whose pre-occupation with room-service at her native Plaza habitat enchanted readers of Kay Thompson's best-seller last season will be personified by seven-year-old Evelyn Rudie. Adapted for TV as an hour-and-a-half comedy with music, it is being given a red-carpet Hollywood production with Ethel Barrymore, Monty Woolley, Louis Jourdan and even Conrad Hilton as Conrad Hilton. Author has written special musical score and will appear as her own entertaining self. Well-chosen for Thanksgiving.

Saturday, November 24

HIGH BUTTON SHOES (NBC; Saturday Spectacular). Another Broadway musical comes to roost on TV screens. Starring Nanette Fabray, Hal March and Don Ameche. (Color)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

SO MUCH interest attaches to the production of Shaw's *Major Barbara* (Martin Beck Theatre) that one might easily overlook the text, except for indulging in the usual clichés about paradox, wit, language and the rest of the folderol.

What is significant about this play is that in it socialist propaganda is given the guise of an apology for capitalism. Shaw was clever enough — perhaps a little too clever — to make his audience from 1905 to the present swallow the pill as a sweet whereas if they analyzed the ingredients they might find it an astringent.

What Shaw was saying in *Major Barbara* is that poverty is a crime which enlightened, energetic capitalism may succeed in eliminating to some extent, but which cannot be eliminated altogether until all of us grow even more hard-headed, daring, intelligent and forceful than the capitalist himself. But the playwright has cunningly made the capitalist his mouthpiece — the soundest person in the play — a man who fondly opposes yet generously fortifies and inspires his idealistic daughter Barbara and her humanistic helpmate Cusins. The play is a trifle uneven but it is nonetheless brilliant.

The same is true of Charles Laughton's production, which is one of the most original to have been done in New York in years. It amazes me how few of the commentators have tried to understand what Laughton has attempted and generally succeeded in doing with his *Barbara*. He has seen that Shaw is not at all a realistic playwright and that a special stage form has to be found to convey the particular nature of his work. Laughton's production (ably abetted by Donald Oenslager's scenic arrangement), immediately establishes a strictly theatrical convention — modelled after the theatre of eighteenth century artificial comedy and even more than that influenced by the example of Bertolt Brecht.

The characters are not rendered as portraits but as stage figures. The stage is treated as a platform or as a podium with illustrations. The emphasis is on clarity of thought and on incisiveness of mental impressions. Emotion is minimized, details of characterization are sacrificed, dramatic climaxes suspended, colorful effects are calculated chiefly in terms of punctuation and variety as well as to arrest attention. When an actor's function in a scene is over, Laughton has him get out of it by dropping his head and sitting off on the side or by posing him in a statically decorative attitude as a framework to the central debate. The tone is dry, aseptic, direct.

SOMETHING of the play is lost in all this, because the style is a little arbitrary —though I hasten to add that I prefer it by far to the way Shaw is usually done hereabouts. By "arbitrary", I mean that while the style is suggested by the forensic aspect of Shaw's text, Laughton's treatment of it constitutes a generalization on Shaw's manner, not a true embodiment of it. Brecht's stylizations are further from realism than Laughton's, but they seem utterly "natural" because with Brecht, production and text are organically conceived: they form a whole. Shaw wrote within the conventions of the realistic theatre of his time — though he was quite aware that his vein was not Ibsen's — and part of Shaw's charm and effectiveness consists in his use of the realistic convention for ends which are radically different from those of the traditional realists.

To be wholly "right", then, the director of a Shaw play must invent a production style that springs from what Shaw wrote and that truly reveals it, not impose a style which works so well that it calls distracting attention to itself. The latter is somewhat the case in Laughton's *Barbara*.

Yet I welcome this production as a major event — especially since nowadays all shows are regarded without distinction as a hit or flop product of a mechanized entertainment business, and our reactions in consequence are growing even duller than what our theatre has to offer.

The cast of *Barbara* (Burgess Meredith, Eli Wallach, Colin Keith-Johnson, Richard Lupino, Glynis Johns, Cornelia Otis Skinner and others) abounds in good actors. But because Laughton has directed them for his production style rather than for personal characterizations they impress us more as part of the picture than as individual players. Laughton himself cannot fail to register, for he reads magnificently and through his skill makes of his immensity a wonderful stage presence.

Johnny Johnson

by Robert Hatch

Seeing the revival in 1956, it is almost impossible to recapture the impression *Johnny Johnson* made when the Group Theatre introduced it in 1936. It is not that we are wiser for the twenty years, but we know more, and Paul Green's morality play no longer chastises us nor feeds our hope. Green subscribed to the "they" theory of wickedness and that was a comfort; "we" were legion and "they" were few—it needed only a prophet to show us where the strength lay. But that was after one world war; after two such and a cold war we know that there is no "they," or rather that "we" are "they." Paul Green can no longer invigorate us; it is Beckett we now attend. What holds its force is Kurt Weill's music. But this score, which I think originally must have italicized and added iron to the staged parable, now seems turned against the audience. It laughs at us because we once believed in ourselves.

Yet I am glad that Stella Adler has revived *Johnny Johnson* (Carnegie Hall Playhouse). It is one of the very few revivable products of the polemical theatre of the '30s, a reminder that for a brief but exciting period the American stage became a journal of opinion. We no longer have "living newspapers," satire has almost disappeared from our musical comedies and the only political voices raised on Broadway

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

today are those of Shakespeare and Shaw.

The production that Miss Adler has staged has the great merit that it grows in power and sureness as it proceeds. Group scenes are its weakness: the director—or it may be the choreographer to whom she entrusted the job—has no eye for a stage in motion. Confusion can be demonstrated in the theatre only with purposeful discipline; allowed its own course, it becomes a rumpus, and *Johnny Johnson* ever and again drops into high school jollification.

James Broderick in the title role appears to discover the part as he plays it. In the opening scenes he is so pale that the action lacks a center, but once the fable has moved into the trenches he takes command of the text and in the ultimate scenes in the lunatic asylum he performs with a quiet conviction that is arresting. Gene Saks as the psychotic psychoanalyst offers the greatest tour de force on the local stage since Alvin Epstein's epileptic monologue in *Waiting for Godot.* Still, the stature Broderick can recapture for his pure hero is the feat of the production. It is possible to smile at *Johnny Johnson,* but it is not possible to laugh at Johnny.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

IN EVERY period most of the music is written by composers with the ability to put sounds together but unable to give those sounds the impress of an originally creative mind. The Swiss composer Frank Martin's *The Tempest,* the German composer Carl Orff's *The Moon,* the American composer Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah* are, in their different ways, music of that kind, in which I heard nothing that deserved the public's attention, and nothing, therefore, that justified their having been produced by the New York City Opera at a cost which presumably contributed to the company's financial difficulties.

Nor was the cost only financial. With the insufficient funds at his disposal Erich Leinsdorf could manage productions of the three works I have just mentioned, and of Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld,* Thomas' *Mignon* and Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du soldat,* only by using for all six works a single stage-set designed by Leo Kerz. This set consisted of a group of three sloping platforms, of which the central unit revolved for changes of scene, and which was supplemented by various small bits of scenery or props and by projections of colored designs on background panels. Since the set had to remain on the stage the company could not use its old scenery for *La Traviata, Carmen* and other standard repertory; and Mr. Leinsdorf may even have preferred to use the new set for these works too. The company's prospectus, then, announced "the classic past, the daring present and the promising future in a matrix of modern production"; and in a personal statement in the program Mr. Leinsdorf wrote that "in a modern theatre—and opera is theatre as well as music—there should be no barrier between audience and performer. In the old theatre the proscenium was a barrier, a mere opening of a fourth wall through which the spectator looked in on the happenings. In contemporary dramatic entertainment the screen has taken the place of the proscenium. Live theatre, to assure its validity and superiority over film, must do away with the barrier. For similar reasons we are definitely and purposefully turning away from any attempt at realism. Opera, the musical theatre, is never realistic to start with."

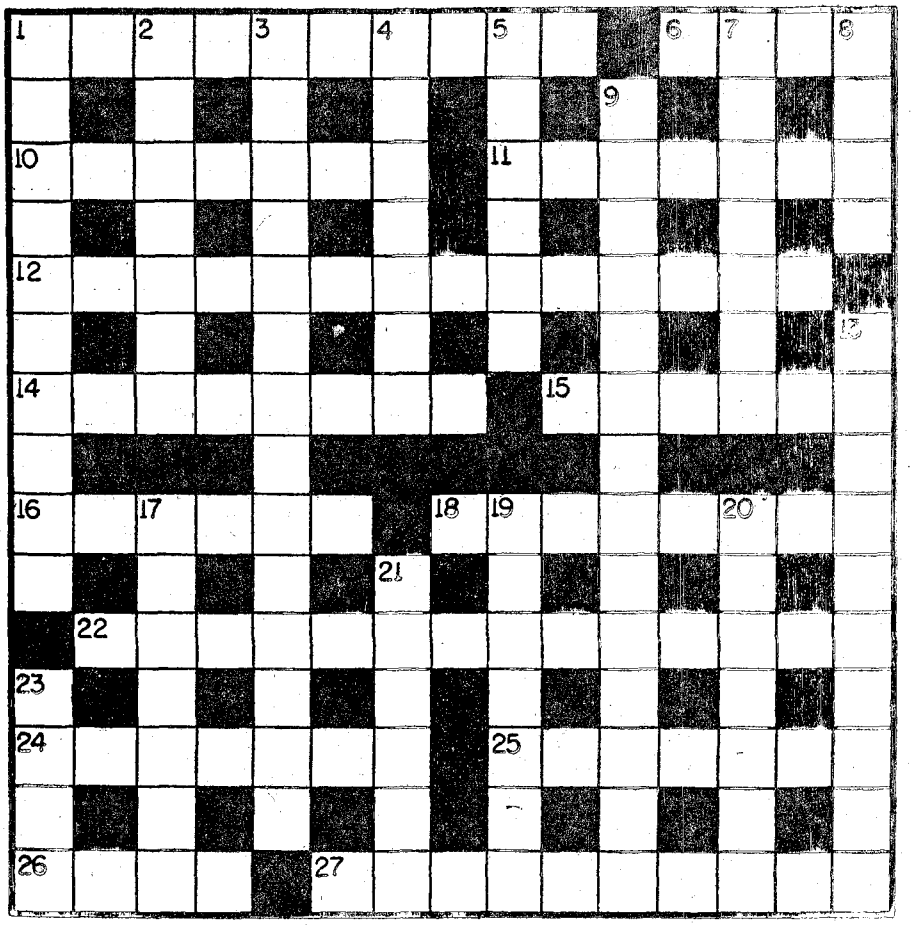
Limiting myself to what I can understand in all this, I will say first that it is news to me that for forty years the proscenium has interposed a barrier between me and the performances which have involved my mind and emotions; and I will add that the proscenium was still present in City Center and that the aprons extending the stage forward over the orchestra pit were not used in most of the productions. But most important is the fact that realistic *Mignon, Carmen* and *La Traviata* did not lend themselves to the non-realistic staging—or, more accurately, to the incongruous mixture of realistic and non-realistic that one saw on the stage of City Center. Thus the cost of producing the Martin, Orff and Floyd operas included disadvantageous productions of several old works. In these, instead of providing a background and frame for the happenings on the stage, Mr. Kerz's set drew attention to itself; and one's attention was distracted further by the ways in which the set obstructed the performance: the way the singers kept climbing and stumbling over the platforms; the way even the inadequate handful of dancers was handicapped by the small amount of level stage which the platforms left them to deploy in; the way a mysterious v-shaped construction of two bridge girders placed in the middle of the central platform for all four acts of *Carmen* deprived the performers of even this clear working space.

THE Kerz set also worked badly with *The Tempest*; but it operated more acceptably with *The Moon* and *L'Histoire,* and quite well with *Susannah* and *Orpheus.* Nevertheless, as in previous seasons, the merits of the productions were to be found elsewhere than in the staging: in the authoritative and effective conducting of Morel in *Mignon, Carmen* and *L'Histoire,* of Leinsdorf in *Susannah* and *The Tempest*; the outstanding vocal and dramatic performances of Gloria Lane in *Carmen* and Frances Bible in *Mignon*; the excellent performances of Beverly Sills and Richard Verreau in *Mignon,* Cornell MacNeil in *La Traviata,* Richard Cassilly in *Carmen,* Phyllis Curtin and Norman Treigle in *Susannah*; the performances of actors James Mitchell and Christopher Plummer in *L'Histoire.* But here too there were inadequacies, of which the most consequential were caused by the vocal deterioration of Frances Yeend that was painful to hear, and the awkwardness of Barry Morell on the stage that was embarrassing to see, in *La Traviata.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 698

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One way your views might be colored. (10)
6 and 23 down Suggests a ring master making a flashy display. (8)
10 One devotes nine days to them. (7)
11 Gunga Din's was nothing much before. (7)
12 Figure equal to everything with a sort of eel whistled up. (14)
14 To suggest obscurity in private. (8)
15 See 16
16 and 15 Evidently 11 across is firmly established as a good place to hire a coach. (6, 6)
18 Provokes aversion. (8)
22 Quite the opposite of 9, as far as control is concerned. (14)
24 Does it find the water hard to sail on? (7)
25 The way to find the team in a live-wire condition. (7)
26 Blast out of 18. (4)
27 Mrs. T. Edison could show them up! (10)

DOWN:

1 They might be stuck-up as well (sometimes with reason). (3-2, 5)
2 Always allow about this, if you want to see the first year game. (7)
3 Coming to no real arrangement of an arrangement. (14)
4 Relation (but one is not always shown it). (7)
5 Tom suggests one might be fired, by the sound of it. (6)
7 A truth couched obscurely. (7)
8 Offensively gross degree of eminence. (4)
9 Going all to pieces. (14)
13 Their work might be running out. (10)
17 Slide into them sometimes—or are they just lookers-on? (7)
19 When it comes to the action of a tiger, Henry V suggested we do this. (7)
20 Is it the wind that makes them go up? (7)
21 This drumming is not always on your chest. (6)
23 See 6 across

SOUUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 697

ACROSS: 1 INSTEP; 5 PASSAGE; 10 OUT OF STEP; 12 BESEECH; 13 RAIMENT; 14 AND 20 DOWN EXTRASENSORY; 16 OPPOSITES; 18 SEA SNAKES; 20 SOLAR; 22 ASSUMED; 24 PINTAIL; 26 GLEAN; 27 VERBOSITY; 28 ENTREAT; 29 SAYING. DOWN: 2 NOTES; 3 TAFFETA; 4 AND 11 PATCHWORK QUILT; 5 PAPER; 6 SEQUINS; 7 ALIMENTAL; 8 ESTATES; 9 FOIBLE; 15 TEAR SHEET; 17 PASSPORTS; 18 SPANGLE; 19 NOMINEE; 21 RELAYS; 23 DIVOT; 25 ASIAN.

RESORTS

50 Miles to FOREST HOUSE
Near enough for a weekend, fine enough for a season's stay. Luxury and comfort in a fireproof building. AIR-CONDITIONED and ELEVATOR-SERVICED . . . Unexcelled cuisine. Tops for sports. Nat Manners Orchestra; Benito & Gloria, dance team . . . Sophisticated entertainment.
FOREST HOUSE
Lake Mahopac, N.Y. • Tel. Mahopac 8-3449
In N.Y.C. Phone (local rate): FAirbanks 5-7227

ARROWHEAD LODGE
THANKSGIVING
Folklore Festival Song, Folk, Square and Social Dancing. Instruction in painting. Seasonal Sports, Fishing and Hunting.
Reserve now for Xmas and New Year's
Tel.: CH 2-2453 Ellenville 502

LITERARY SERVICES

ALL THE WORLD LOVES AN AUTHOR! You too can win friends and royalty checks! If you write we appraise/sell. Write/phone **Daniel S. Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16. OR 9-1150.**

TRANSLATIONS: German, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian. **Nelles Translations, 119 W. Ontario Street, Chicago 10, Ill.**

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

STUDY for Doctor's degree of Psychology, Metaphysics and Divinity. Correspondence Courses only. **College of Divine Metaphysics, Dept. T-N, 2811 North Illinois, Indianapolis 8, Indiana.**

PERSONALS

HI FI PHONOGRAPH—3 speeds with G.E. Reluctance Cartridge. Regularly $59.95—**SPECIAL 39.95.** Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Avenue (13th & 14th Sts.), N. Y. GR 3-7819. **1 hour free parking.**

102 TOYS for U. N. Friends—Free list by return air mail. **Pacific New England, Inc., Box 1152, Studio City, Calif.**

Service for Our Readers from Our Readers' Service

If there's any book you want to buy—you can do so without leaving the comfort of your home. Simply let our Readers' Service Department do your shopping.

Here's all you have to do: send us the name and author and, if possible, the publisher of the book. We'll have it sent directly to you.

If payment is received with your order the books will be sent you post-free; if sent COD, you will be charged the regular price plus postage.

No COD's outside the United States.

Address your orders to:

***The* NATION**
Miss O. Le Pach
Readers Service Department
333 Sixth Avenue, N.Y. 14, N.Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Santa Claus Puts On His Thinking Cap!

So it's time once again to play Santa Claus.

What will your list look like? *More* ties . . . *more* scarves . . . *more* handbags?

Stop to think of it for a moment . . . your relatives and friends probably feel just the way you do about these things. They'd rather find a subscription to *The Nation* in their stocking . . .

Your gift pays its own special kind of compliment . . . *The Nation* is written for the intellectual leaders of the country. What's more, you don't have to be a psychiatrist to know that *each* week . . . when *The Nation* arrives home . . . the recipient remembers that *you* were the one who added to his week's enjoyable and "must" reading.

"Sharing *The Nation*" is one of the pleasanter ways of saying: *Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!* Please note carefully, too, that after your first gift subscription at the regular price of $7.00, all others are only $5.00 for a full year.

To reduce Santa to his simplest terms, simply fill out the coupon below.

THE Nation

CHRISTMAS GIFT ORDER FORM

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., New York 14, N.Y.

Please send The Nation as a Gift for one year at the Christmas Rate of $7 for the first Gift subscription and $5 for each additional Gift to the following friends:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... Zone..... State.....

Sign Gift Card from .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... Zone..... State.....

Sign Gift Card from .....

* * *

DONOR'S NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... Zone..... State.....

☐ I enclose payment of $..... ☐ Bill me

11-17-56

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED